INCIDENTS OF THE ALTAR

She Married a Scholar-An Ohio Romance.

HE FORGOT HE WAS MARRIED.

A Strange Wedding-A Skeleton's Bride-Wanted to Splice-Where She Drew the Line-Brides Who Perch in Trees.

She Married a Scholar. From the Yankee Blade,

Oh, she said she'd never marry any Tom and Dick and Harry, She'd wed some famous scientist of learn-ing and renown; But her Tom was quite commercial, and of

Agassiz and Herschel He was as ignorant, she said, as any circus

So she gave poor Tom the mitten, and as meek as any kitten He went to making money and forgot his wild dispair; Forgot, I say; at any rate he hastened to degenerate
Into a sordid business man, a trifling mil-

But she wed a scientific and his tastes were

quite terrific

For various kinds of insects and for toads
and other game;

And instead of plaques and pictures, rattle-snakes and boa constrictors He'd take into his sitting room to ornament the same,

As a zealous decorator he preferred an altigator To a statue of Minerva or a bust of Henry And you ought to hear him talk awhile of his

bouncing baby crocodile

That he played with in his parlor just to
while the time away.

And his cobra di capello, a very charming

And his cooling fellow,
fellow,
Through his dressing room and bedroom used to nonchalantly drift;
And an elephant's probose and two young rhinoceroses

He presented to his children as a fitting
Christmas gift.

But he sold his wife's piano to buy ipecac To feed his hippopotamus to case his

stomach aches.

And a shark ate up his baby, for you know how hungry they be,

And he went and pawned his overcoat to feed his rattlesnakes.

An Ohio Romance.

A Wellsville, O., dispatch says: Romance follows romance in rapid succession in this part of the country. Only a few days ago was reported the consummation by marriage of a love episode that had its inception through a correspondence between the young couple, who were strangers to each other. The sequel to the following romantic story proves this case did not end as auspiciously for all concerned as did the first one. Carrolton is the county seat of Carroll, an adjoining county, situated on what is known as the Tuscarawas valley, a rich agricul-tural region in one of the garden spots of Ohio, noted for its beautiful women and fine cattle.

A. P. Morland is one of the principal attorneys in the place, a man of large means, undoubted influence and promipence, and the father of a beautiful daughter named Linda, who has just graduated from a well known boarding school. Miss Linda, as has been noted, is really a handsome girl, highly accomplished, and possessor of a voice of

rare purity and power.

Like many of her sex, the idea of securing unknown correspondents seized her and the pastime-for a period was very fascinating. Disappointment, keen and crul, has resulted to at least one of the principals in the affair.

Her correspondent proved to be a Mr James Wright, of Chetopa, Kan., a stock-dealer and a man reputed to be worth at least \$50,000. The correworth at least \$50,000. The correspondence continued for some time, when Wright formed the notion of taking his fair unknown to fill a void in his western home. What the nature of the correspondence was is of course a mystery, but a few years ago Miss Linda Mortland, of Carrollton, was very much surprised to have ushered into her presence James Wright, of Chetopa, Kan., in whom she saw her unknown correspondent, who came to wed her. When she saw him she was seized with a caprice and evidently experienced a revulsion of sentiment, for she refused to marry him, declaring she would never do so.

There the matter rests. Mr. Wright, who is a young man of intelligence, honor and integrity, was accompanied to Carrollton by his sister, a well-known and estimable lady of Cincinnati, whose presence was intended to vouch for the gallant, and so be a witness that his intentions were honorable and serious. This of itself made many friends for the disappointed lover who left Carrolton for his sister's home in Cincinnati somewhat crestfallen, but by no means discouraged, as he declares he will yet win the young lady in spite of all, an intention he says, that became irresistible when he first saw the object

The affair has created no little stir in the humdrum village and the case has been the one topic of conversation for days past. The manly part Wright has borne in the matter and his standing in the world since his position and wealth have been revealed have somewhat overcome the prejudice existing against the means in which the affair was brought about.

of his affection.

The young lady's actions and her refusal to marry Wright are mysteries and whether the result of impulse or caprice or a vielding to the entreaties of her family cannot be learned. The villagers are watching the case with interest.

Forgot He Was Married. Chicago Tribune: A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press of late purporting to be a truthful account of a remarkable case of absent-minded-ness which made a young man forget his wedding day. A prominent civil engi-neer in this city called attention to this floating paragraph yesterday, and said: "I know of a much more remarkable

case. It was not absent-mindedness, however, but an illustration of the wonderful concentration of thought which is possible in great emergencies. Somewhere about 1857 Ed D. Mason, assistant engineer on the Wabash road, went to Buffalo to be married. The ceremony was performed at 100 clock in the morning. While on gratulations were being extended the newly wedded Benedict received a telegram from his chief in To ledo informing him that an important truss bridge over a river on the line of the road had been burned, and must be rebuilt immediately. The working plans could not be found, and Mason was ordered home.

As the trains ran he could not reach Toledo before the next morning. Taking a hasty adieu of the bride and the wedding party, and promising to return at 3 o'clock to partake of the wedding dinner, he hurried to the office of an engineer well known to him, who at once placed the facilities of his office at Mason's disposal. By 11 o'clock he was hard at work. When 3 o'clock came, feeling faint and weary, he walked down stairs mechanically entered a neighbor-ing restaurant that he had frequented before, refreshed himself with a sand-

wich and a glass of beer, and returned to his work. By 5 o'clock he had duplicated the original plans of the bridge from memory, including exact measure-ments and quantities, and telegraphed from Toledo. On this telegraphic plan the bridge builders instantly set to work and found it absolutely correct even to the minutest

It was a most astomishing But what is still more astonishing is the fact that the moment Mason left his bride in the morning until he had forwarded his telegraphic report he never recalled the event of his mar-When he went out for his lunch he might just as well have gone to the wedding dinner, as the distance was no greater, and excused himself without loss of time. But his mind was so occu-pied in meeting the emergency that no thought of anything but the burned bridge could gain entrance.

"In later years Mason was a colonel in the army, a prominent member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and left as monuments to his skill the bridge over the Mississippi at Hannibal, and that over the Missouri at St. Joseph. He died some fifteen years ago. His widow is still living, and has in my presence corroborated, so far as she could, Colonel Mason's account of his wedding-day experience.'

A Strange Marriage.
St. Paul Globe Washington Special:
Social circles were stirred to their center to-day by the confirmation of the rumor of a sensational elopement and hasty marriage. The contracting par-ties were Miss Bessie Hillyer and G. G. Buckley. Miss Hillyer is the flaughter of Mr. Hillyer, of the firm of Hillyer & Ralston. She made her debut in Washington society last winter and was quite a belle. She is beautiful, accomplished and witty, and was a great favorite in society. Mr. Buckley is twenty years old and son of J. D. Buckley, president of the District medical association. He is in the employ of the National bank of Washington. It agpears that the couple went to Baltimore early yesterday morning and after obtaining a marriage license were driven to the residence of Rev. Dr. Ferguson and were quietly married. Mr. Nougorias, son of the Portuguese minister, was the only person accompanying the young people from this city and with members of Mr. Ferguson's family formed the only witness of the ceremony. After the marriage the young couple returned to this city. In the afternoon Mrs. Buckley returned to her father's home and calmly announced the fact of the marriage, and the groom returned to his home. Mr. Buckley went to his desk at the bank to-day, but declined to say anything about the marriage. A peculiar phase of the affair is that Miss Hillyer was engaged to be married to Will Trenholm, of the treasury and now holding a position in the Philadelphia mint. The announcement of the en-gagement has been made in the papers. Mr. Trenholm has been coming to Wash, iugton regularly to visit his betrothed and was in the city last Sunday. The Star this evening says: "It is learned that neither the parents of the bride nor the young lady herself consider the ceremony binding, and that steps will at once be taken to legally annul it as having been procured by fraud on the part of the young man.

Will Marry a Skeleton.

A Detroit, Mich., special to the Pio-neer Press, says: For weeks past J. W. Coffee, a living skeleton here nouncing in his advertisements that he had a fortune and was desirous of marrying. The matter was looked upon as a huge joke until Saturday, when Coffee and his manager repaired to the county clerk's office and procured a marriage license, the victim being Miss Eva Courtwright, daughter of a farmer liv-ing ten miles west of this city. Miss Courtwright had seen Coffee's advertisement in the papers and visited the museum. She talked with the farticulated bones, and after satisfying herself that he mean business, she announced her willingness to marry him. She then returned to her home and notified her parents, who were loud in their disapproval, and threatened to take legal steps to prevent the marriage, but the young lady reminded them of the fact that she is twenty-two years old, and that she would do as suited her best. and the marriage took place Christmas. Miss Courtwright is quite good-looking, and before this craze struck her was ac credited with ordinary common sense.

A Georgia Romance. A Waynesboro, Ga., special to the Atlanta Constitution says: The return of Judge Brinson from Franklin, Tenn., with his bride is the culmination of a life long romance. The Citizen has gathered up the tangled threads of the

story, which runs as follows: Some years ago Judge Brinson, while a young man was a student at Lebanon (Tenn.) law school, met and told the story of his love to Miss Hearn. went to headquarters and asked for the heart he had won, giving the county of Burke as a reference to his antecedents. The Methodist minister at Franklin took charge of the reference, and wrote to the minister at that place, who being a new comer, and did not know of Judge B.'s family, turned the letter over to a prominent member of the church. This gentleman at once replied that young Brinson was one of Waynesboro's rising young men, that he came of one of the best families, who were prominent members of the Baptist denomination in the county. The word Baptist was a blazing fire-brand and broke off all friendly communication. The Methodist minis ter and the parents of the young lady could not tolerate the idea of their pet

lamb being penned in a Baptist fold. Mr. Brinson stood his sad disappoint-ment like a man. He watched and waited, thinking that that absence which conquered love would yet come to his relief, and in order to facilitate this consummation all communication with the town of Franklin was severed. A few months ago he heard a gentleman from Franklin discussing home affairs, and from his talk learned that the object of his first love was still single. It then flashed across his mind that she was true to the memories of the past, and that he had weakened when he should have been strong. The judge, bastily planning a pleasant trip to the mountains of north Georgia and east Tennessee, at their summer resorts, and meeting at one of these places the object of his search, the past was quickly gone over, their vows again pledged, and only a short time has elapsed since. They are now happily

Hard to Say "Yes."

Youth's Companion: Among the Yankees there is occassionally a man who seems to find it almost impossible to answer a question with a plain "yes" or "no." He has a way of his own of expressing the affirmative or negative which he finds quite as effective as

a flat "yes" or "no. One day Ephraim Z—, a young up-country farmer, who had this peculiar-ity of making indirect answers, appeared before a minister to be married to Seraphina Y——, a comely and well-to-do young woman whom he had long

wooed and finally won. The minister began the ceremony. 'Do you, Ephraim, take this woman scraphina, to be your lawful wife?"

Ephraim grinned: "Wal-he! he!-I guess I do," said Ephraim. "Answer me 'yes," said the minis-

ter, quietly. And then he repeated: "Do you, Ephraim, take this woman, Seraphina, to be your lawful wife?"
Ephraim scratched his ear and answered: "Wal, I don't say I won't,

"That will not do," said the minister firmly. "Answer me categorically."
"What!" exclaimed Ephraim indig-

nantly. "He won't take my word for it, Here the young woman began to cry. and Ephraim was finally induced to say "yes" in answer to the question. Some of his friends think it was the only

time he had ever "said it right out." Wanted to Marry.

Atlanta Constitution: And when I come back with the license you will marry me? You won't back out?"

"No; I won't back out."
It was a tall, fine looking man attired in a full suit of black, who asked the question. Upon his head was a stylish silk hat, while upon his hands were neat kids. The question was answered by a woman well known among the

demi-monde About 10 o'clock yesterday morning a fine carriage stopped in front of the house where Madam Susie Williams presides. A man stepped out, and pull-ing the door bell, walked in when the madam answered the call. After reachand seeing Annie Ryan, asked if she would marry him. The woman gave an affirmative answer, thinking that the man was joking, and he left the house, saying that he would return in a short time with a marriage license. In less than an hour he returned with a liceuse issued by Judge Calhoun, authorizing the marriage of Charles A. Gable and Annie Ryan. The woman, however,declined to carry out the contract, and Gable insisted, saving:

"I am from Texas, and I've got plenty of property out there. I've got money. too, and if you'll marry me you shan't

want. The woman asked Gable to wait until Tuesday morning, saying that she would give him a final answer then.

Where She Drew the Line.

Chicago Tribune: "Laura," said young George Van Perkins tenderly, "do you think you could consent to leave this beautiful home, where your innocent childhood was spent, where you have grown to young womanhood, and where you have been surrounded by every luxury that heart could desire or that fond and indulgent parents could bestow-do you think you could leave all these to become the wife of a young man without fame or wealth, and who must go to the far west to carve out his for-

"I think I could George," replied Laura softly.
"You would miss many of the conveniences and enjoyments of city life," pur-sued George, "in a community of hardworking settlers." I should be one of the workers my-

self," exclaimed the fair girl, with beautiful enthusiasm. "I was sure you would, my noble Laura. With youth, health, devotion

to each other, and the future before us, there is no reason why we cannot be happy, even in a western frontier village, where there are no theaters, no Browning clubs, no street lamps, no daily papers, no cable cars, no swell dinner parties—"

"None of these things, George, are essential to real happiness." "And where the trivial customs that prevail in so-called refined circles are unknown; where women never turn to look at each other's dresses as they

pass on the street-"What's that, Mr. Van Perkins?" said Laura, in an altered tone. "Is that the kind of an existence to which you would doom me. [Rings for the servant.] Victoria, show the gentle-

Blackwood's Magazine: Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of the family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers op the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes, and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, di vided into numerous compartments! At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encamp-ment throw every possible thing impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet. holding down the curtains to prevent his passage and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them. As with the maiden on the horse and the virgin on the tree top the Korak bride is invariably captured, however, much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.

"The White Dove."

Indianapolis Sentinel; 'Squire Cravens united in the holy bonds of wedlock Thomas Seals and Miss Lilly Martin. The groom is a well-known Indian, who has been living here for the past ten years with his mother, "The White Dove." Tommy is known as the seventh son of the seventh daughter, and his father was a full-blooded Flat Head Indian. The bride is a good-looking white girl. For the present they will make their home with "The White Dove," who lives in a little shanty 8x10 feet square at the foot of Jefferson

A Cheerful Bridegroom.

Lewiston (Me.) Journal: There are some men who have a faculty of being cheerful and chipper, no matter what circumstances they are in. An Augusta rgyman had a call from such a man a few days ago. A young lady was on his arm, and he wished to be married to They were invited to seats in the parlor, and as the ceremony was about to proceed the minister requested them to stand up. On coming forward the would-be bridgroom gazed around as though the scene was a familiar one. and remarked gaily, with a smile: yes! I've been married once before in this room!

A Novel Wedding Salute.

A crowd of typical East-side young men marched into a down-town church this morning after a couple who seemed to be dressed with more than usual care, says the New York Star. It was a wedding party.

The principal actors proceeded at

once to the altar rail, where the clergyman was waiting to perform the cere mony. The others of the party ranged themselves along either side of the aisle, each in a seat. The knot was soon tied and the happy couple started to leave the church. As they were going down the aisle all their friends stood up. Suddenly there was the bang of a pew door. It seemed a signal, for at once everyone in the party com-menced to bang the door of the pew that he or she occupied, and the noise like the firing of guns was kept up until the bride and groom reached the door. Then it stopped, and before the astonished clergyman could speak all filed solemnly out. One youth, when

asked what the proceeding meant, re-

plied:
"Well, it's jest dis way: we couldn't afford no organ an' no weddin' march at dis affair, an' so de gang dey jest got tergedder an' give 'em de best weddin' saloot dat we had in stock. See?"

She did not Call. Chicago Herald: A few evenings since a justice of the peace, whose business is in the city, was returning to his residence in the suburbs, and upon

alighting from the cars was hailed by a rosy-faced son of Erin. rosy-faced son of Erin.
"An' is it a justice ye are?" said Mike.
"Yes, why," replied the magistrate
rather gruffly.
"Then it's to marry a couple we want

yiz. jist down the street there."
"Well," said the justice, "I'll step
home and wash and shave, and be there

"Niver a bit of it; sure your honor is well enough as it is, an' it's yourself than can do it now."

The justice accompanied Mike to the residence of his friend, where he found a man and woman possessed of the necessary credentials, and being in haste to get home he performed the ceremony in a few words, received his fee of three dollars, and then took up his hat

to depart. "Sure, sir," said the bride, "it isn't worth that much money for so small a job, an' it done so quick; it don't seem that I'm married at all. You'd better give my man a half back, sure."

"Madam," said the justice, with all the dignity he could muster, "come to my house next week, and if you are not satisfied you are a properly married woman you shall have all the money back and as much more into the bargain.

The lady did not call, and the justice is of the opinion she is satisfied he is a faithful magistrate.

The Sort of Wife Every Man Wishes. Told by a philosophical writer on matrimony in a western newspaper: "And just here let me repeat an anecdote of a wife of a few months, who, in the midst of her first quarrel, was asked by her husband which ought to give up first, the man who was the head of the woman, or the woman who was created for the man. With a smile and a kiss the wife replied: 'Neither the stronger nor the weaker, but the one who loves the best.'

CONNUBIALITIES.

One hundred marriage licenses were issued in Chicago one day last week.

Congressman Ira Davenport's bride is said to be one of the social leaders at the capital, A few days ago a couple were married in Kentucky by telegraph. This looks like get-ting married on "tick."

Dr. Henry, who has just been decorated by the sultan of Turkey, married a daughter of Hugh Hastings, the Albany politician. The old maid pities the sorrowful life of the old bachelor so sincerely that she is even unselfishly willing to share it with him.

The editor of the Boston Advertiser, Mr. W. E. Barrett, was married on Wednesday evening to Miss Annie Bailey, of Claremont,

At Weimar, Germany, two old people named Bayer, husband and wife, died sud-denly on the sixty-fifth anniversary of their The late Governor Bartlett, of California, never married. He said the reason was that he had a high temper, and that he feared to

make a wife unhappy A young coilege debater will argue for A young conege debater will argue for hours that the pursuit of happiness is better than the realization, and then feel disappointed because his girl refuses for the fourth time to marry him.

Susan B. Anthony says that "if a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night and her 'old folks' don't make any fusa about it, the two young folks may be said to be engaged." Clearly.

Miss Eva Cartwright, of Michigan, has just married J.W. Coffey, the living skeleton in a Detroit dime museum. Eva now possesses the pround dignity of having a genuine readymade skeleton in her family closet. Johnny More proposed to a girl. She said

she would send her answer next day. He was surprised to receive a green leaf. He took it to a botanist and smee then he has been mournful. It was a leaf from a sick o'-Fifteen couples got married in Paris, Kv.

the other night, and it was said to be the poorest night they had had for many moons. When Kentuckians are not lying in ambush for each other to settle old feuds they are getting married. For the past month marriages and dengus

fever shave prevailed in Bastrop county, Texas. Those not affected by one epidemic have been subject to the other. In no case that we have heard of has there been a com-plication of the two. Lord Braxfield was an eccentric Scotch indge, with a bad-tempered wife. His butle determined to leave because Lady Braxfield was always scolding him. "Why," exclaimed

the old judge, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her.' It is said that Signorina Tua, the violiniste. the wife of Alexander Lambert, director of the New York conservrtory of music. Another rumor has it that Adele Aus Der Ohe, the pianiste, will shortly marry Walter Dom-

A Nebraska man has applied for a divorce because he can't keep step with his wife. Be fore granting a decree the court should be in-formed as to whether or not his wife is knock-kneed or bow-legged. Marriage is too sacred a tie to be knocked endwise for trivial

"My dear," said a well known politician to his wife the other day, "what do you mean by speaking so familiarly to the man who was engaged in moving in our furniture! I think it was highly indecorous." "Oh, pshaw!" answered his better half with a flourish of her head. "Indecorous indeed! I like that. Do you know, Mr. G..., that before I married you he was my hus-

Although the dowry of Princess Terka.

Although the dowry of Frincess Terka, Maurice Bernhardt's bride, is \$600,000, the match was purely a love affair. The princess met a girl cousin of Maurice Bernhardt in her painting class and they became great friends. When the cousin fell ill Terka came to see her frequently, and helped nurse her and then met La Bernhardt and her son. I was a case of love at first sight, and they be-came engaged about a month ago, although Mtle. Terka had always been emphatic in her decided resolution never to marry. She is twenty-four, and Maurice is twenty-three. Marion Vanderpool, who lives on Cain Creek, in this county, has been married twen-ty-six years, and is the father of twenty-two children, fifteen of whom are living, and none twins or triplets. His wife's maiden name was Louisa Miles, and she is forty-three years old, and Marion says she can shoulder two busies of corn. She is the mother of all the children. Marion is only forty-five years of age, and was born in this county, while his wife was born in Anderson county, Tennessee, but was reared here. We loubt if this record can be beaten outside of Whitley.
Miss Mattie Keeler of Read City, Mich.

Miss Mattle Recier of Read City, Mich., has had her experience in advertising and will never hereafter say that "advertising does not pay.". In a spirit of fun she re-cently inserted an advertisement in the local paper requesting correspondence, and repre-senting herself as young, handsome, and of good family. Daniel Ludington of Kego-mic Empercement, say the advertisement. good family. Daniel Ludington of Kego-mic, Emmet county, saw the advertisement, wrote to Miss Keeler, and a regular cor-respondence begun. There were many points of similarity about the two persons and just enough dissimilarity to make things interesting. After the acquaintance had continued four weeks, Ludington proposed for Miss Keeler's hand, explaining how they had become acquainted. The lady's father hesitated, but after satisfying himself of Ludington's respectability and honorable intentions, gave his consent and the marri-age was performed one day last week. Mr. age was performed one day last week. Mr. Ludington has large lumber interests in Emmett county, and is young, with brilliant

You need not rack your throat and lungs with that horrid cough when a pleasant and certain remedy may be found in Dr. J. H. McLeau's Tar Wine Lung Balm. 25 cents a bottle.

A VERY THOUGHTFUL CIVILIAN

He Prefers the Security of Private Llife to the Dangers of a Throne.

SLAUGHTER OF CROWNED HEADS.

An Omahan Who Would Rather be Door-Keeper to an Editoral Sanctum Than an Occupier of a Palace Furnished With Explosives.

Written for the Sunday Bee. There is just now considerable ill-

feeling in Europe and the wiseacres and weather prophets agree that war is imminent. What this means we all know. Ever since the little unpleasantness between France and Germany in 1870-1, the powers have been arming themselves to the teeth, and conscribing for the military service every male biped that isn't positively blind, deaf and lame. All the art and science of the old world, and what could be purloined of the new, has been concentrated upon the invention of a new ordnance warranted to kill deader and quicker than any previously known. Hence when the fight does come off it will be Kilkenny rules and no mistake. As a result there will be a painful shortage of able bodied men in Europe. As a result, also, there will be several vacant throne to let, cheap. No taking in view the difficulty some of the countries had in filling such vacancies in the past, when war had not yet decimated the masculine population, and when one throne was to be aisposed of at a time, I am grieved to think of the troubl likely to occur after that happens, and when a whole job lot of royalty will be needed. The only escape from this dilemma I can think of is that the subjects of Europe will look for the supply to the United States, where every man is a sovereign, just as they look to us for hogs and other raw product. Under the circumstances it behooves

every intelligent citizen to consider the subject and canvass his chances betimes. Maybe that is the reason why Jay Gould lingers abroad so long. I have canvassed my chances already, and after considerable reflection concluded to de cline a royal crown when it is offered me. I do not want it. There may be millions in it, but as William Shakespeare says: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." I want my head to lie easy when it lies at all, and when it stands up I don't care to have the multitude look upon it as a bulls-eye for promiscuous target practice. My head won't stand it.

I was born in 1851, but I do not remember much of anything that occurred in that year, since my mother wouldn't allow me to go far away from home at once. But in the year succeeding leading to the succeeding leading leading to the succeeding leading l ing an infernal machine at Napoleon III. Now I have a constitutional dislike for infernal machine and wish to avoid, if possible, any collision with them. They are sometimes very disagreeable objects to meet. The paragreeable objects to meet. The par-ticular machine in question did not slay Napoleon, to be sure, but neither did it put the quietus to those who believed they had a first mortgage upon his life and must foreclose on it at once. They attacked him again in 1853, and failing once more, renewed their efforts in 1855, 1857, 1858 and 1862. The result was not satisfactory, still the business was getting pretty lively by this time—too lively, in fact, for a man like me, who prefers a safe and conservative investment. Nor was this all. Simultaneously, attempts were made on the lives of Queen Victoria. Francis Joseph, of Austria, Victor Emanuel, Ferdinand II., of Naples, who was stabbed; Isabella II., of Spain; the dude of Parma, who was mortally wounded; William III., of Prussia, and the queen of Greece. At the same time Maximilan I, returned from Mexico to Vienna in a handsome and becoming hearse. That was going into the wholesale sloughter with branch houses al over Europe, excepting Russia.

In 1866 Russia got her branch house too, and the late czar dodged the, first bullet dexterously in St. Petersburg. The year following he was saved from death in Paris by a peasant who knocked the pistol out of the assassin's hand just at the moment of firing. Two years later the prince of Servia took a morning walk, from which he returned a distigured corpse. After that King Amadeus, of Spain, was assaulted, and like a sensible fellow that he is, he abdicated the throne and left the Spaniards to kill somebody else which they proceeded to do, though having no king to practice on, they contented themselves with General Prim and Minister Zorilla, the former of whom they dis-

patched with skill. Then followed a season of inactivity. until 1878, when operations were re-sumed with improved facilities, including dynamite and gun cotton. German emperor was the first victim of the hostiles, receiving the attention of Hoedel and Nobiling in quick succession, and a helmet full of buckshot. Some lodged in his head and neck. On the unveiling of the Niederwalde monument in 1883 a dynamite train was discovered leading to the spot designated for the kaiser, his guests and suit. Had it blown up, as intended, all there is of German celebrity would have been scattered in atoms in that historical vicinity. If that had happened to me, I am sure I would not have survived the shock and lived to be ninety years old. Some people have better constitutions

than others. Previously, however, and following closely upon Nobiling's attenste King Alfonso of Spain was attacked by Mon casi and King Humbert, of Italy, by Passanante. Alfonso was again the shining mark for an ugly missile in Meantime the old ezar had an awful time of it. Three narrow escapes had he within a year, among them one from a dynamite train plot in Moscow, until finally his pursuers blew him up in his own palace. I would rather live in a dugout on a broad prairie than in a palace furnished with exolosives. Since that time his son has been a standing candidate for the coroner.

Alexander, of Bulgaria, was not murdered, but merely kidnapped. Yet it weaned him of his ambition to be a ruler, and when the Bulgarians invited him to come back and resume business at the old stand, he sent them away. One crown head, Sultan Abdul Aziz, killed himself with a pair of seissors, presumably to save some other Mohommedan the trouble. Thus, looking over the situation with

an unbiased eye I find that a crown is a risky thing to fool with. It is not promotive to longevity, and above all things I like to live long. I am not cut up for one. Accordingly I have instructed the office boy to turn away from my ante chamber any delegation that might come to me with sealed proposals for a throne. When I want to go to Europe it will be as a private citizen and incognito. This is my ultimatum. ALEXANDER L. POLLOCK.

Mendelssohn, Fisher & Lawrie ARCHITECTS.

D. L. SHANE,

B. H. BROWN,

(of Chicago.)

SUPERINTENDENTS

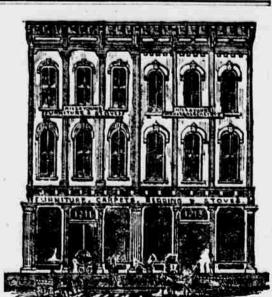
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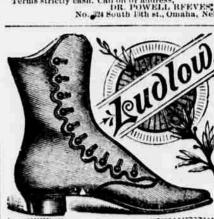
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